Iag. Filth thou lieſt.
Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a woman?
The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago *kils his wife.*
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? pretious villaine.
Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.
Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide. *Exit* Iago.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.
Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.
Em. Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *She dies.*
Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spaine, the Iſebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I muſt come forth. Gra. *within.*
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his Fate? tis not ſo now,

Pale

Pale as thy ſmocke, when we
This looke of thine, will hurl
And fiends will ſnatch at it:
Euen like thy chaſtity; O cu
Whippe me you Diuells,
From the poſſeſſion of this h
Blow me about in winds, ro
Waſh me in ſteepe downe g
O *Deſdemona, Deſdemoua*, d
Enter Lodouico, M
Caſſio
Lod. Where is this raſh
Oth. That's he that was
Lod. Where is this Vipe
Oth. I locke downe tow
If thou beeſt a diuell, I cann
Lod. Wring his ſword fr
Iag. I bleed ſir, but not
Oth. I am not ſorry neit
For in my ſenſe tis happineſ
Lod. O thou *Othello*, tha
Falne in the practiſe of a dan
What ſhould be ſaid to thee
Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if
For nought did I in hate, bu
Lod. This wretch hath p
Did you and he conſent in C
Oth. I.-
Caſ. Deare Generall, I di
Oth. I doe beleeue it, an
Will you pray, demand that
Why he hath thus inſnar'd
Iag. Demand me nothin
From this time forth I neue
Lod. What not to pray?
Grat. Torments will op